

When Clara stepped behind the counter with Zeni there was a rush of people. By time she got a moment to look up, both Jadine and Aine were nowhere to be seen. Had Jadine taken the exhausted woman to the employee bathroom? The thought of all that boob together in such a small space made her throb in a way she never had before, even with all her daydreams about having alone time with Jadine.

Ten minutes passed and Jadine still had not returned. It got harder to keep her mind off the potential of them making out. What would it look like as their bodies pressed against each other? As she blinked, she saw a glimpse of her fantasy. Shirts half raised over their tits as hands caressed heavy curves and tongues danced around each other. She could hear them panting as quiet moans rose from within each of them.

She shook her head to put the fantasies aside, knowing there was also the chance that Aine really was suffering from heat stroke and Jadine was waiting for an ambulance. She was just about to ask Zeni if she could handle the counter by herself so she could go check when she saw them.

The moment Clara laid eyes on Jadine, she felt her mind grind to a halt for a second time that day. Her busty latina co-worker was all of sudden very, very busty. Her tits were considerably more vast than they had been a moment ago. Even in context with Aine, who was much taller and also the bustiest woman Clara had ever seen, she could not actually comprehend the size of Jadine's even larger rack. It looked like she had two exercise balls stuffed into her shirt, no other apt comparison came to mind.

Sure she was seeing things, Clara squeezed her eyes closed. When she opened them again, the uniform shirt Jadine was wearing was still filled with so much flesh that her arms and most of her torso were eclipsed by the massive curves.

Jadine's tits cast a shadow that enveloped what few inches were still visible of her stomach, as well as her hips, before it flowed down her legs nearly to her knees. More than half

of Jadine's five and a half feet of height was being affected by her bust. It was a scale that only grew more staggering as she walked down the concourse.

If the sheer size of her new measurements was not impossible enough, there was the fact that the change had happened in less than ten minutes. Jadine had gone from having boobs about the size of her head to probably five times that in less time than it took to worry about her absence.

As the pair of over-endowed women drew close, Clara realized that while Jadine's size might have been physically impossible, it was also unmistakably not the result of implants. While the giant rubber balls she saw at the gym were the closest thing that came to mind as far as volume, the jiggle of those massive mounds was not the same stiff wobble of Aine's beach ball-like tits. Unlike Aine's tits which were almost perfect spheres, pulling the straps of her cami tight like suspension cables, Jadine's hung down to rest against her torso, their fullness peaking somewhere below where her waist would be.

Even so, Jadine's shirt now fit so tightly it looked like it had been painted on. The outline of a bra with a thick band and whose cup size was probably more than half way through the alphabet was visible through strained fabric and a mass of dark, feathered hair. Hair Clara could have sworn was shorter before. More importantly, how the hell had she found a bra that fit those boobs?

A hundred ideas raced through Clara's mind, each one more ridiculous than the last. After discarding every other remotely possible explanation, the only answer that made sense was magic. Which was, itself, an insane conclusion and yet, no one else seemed to notice anything was amiss either. Zeni greeted Jadine just like normal, not even glancing down at the the considerable amount of tan of cleavage that was bursting out of the shorter woman's collar.

"Sorry about vanishing like that," Jadine said as she stepped behind the counter. The heat rising from her flesh was tangible and a warm vanilla scent, no doubt from her body wash,

began to infuse the air. She raised her arms to tie her hair back and flashed a glimpse of underboob and shiny black bra as her shirt rode up. She looked right at Clara as she pulled her shirt back down, her smoldering expression hinting at feelings that had never been evident before.

Just what the hell had happened in the bathroom?

“Okay,” Jadine said as she tied her shirt back. “You’re good, Clara. You and Lady Aine can go on your date now.”

“What?” Clara glanced at Aine who winked.

“I made a trade to get you out of work although...I might have gotten carried away by your friend’s enthusiasm and given her far more than she expected.”

“What the what?” She blinked and looked between her coworker and the strange woman.

“I gave her more mana than...” Aine sighed. “Look, you can either stay here and forget this ever happened or you can come with me and have a conversation about it. If you remain, reality will bend around Jadine’s transformation and even you will forget that she was not always this size.”

“You mean to say no one else remembers her being any smaller than this?” Clara asked, not picking up on the implication that if she remained, her own chances for growth would vanish. As she glanced around, she realized things had moved of their own accord to accommodate the fact that Jadine’s boobs now hovered just inches above the counter which came up to her hips.

“That is correct,” she said as she pushed her platinum hair out of her face. “As far as anyone knows, Jadine has always been extraordinarily blessed by the Boob Faerie and her marvelous growth broke all kinds of records as she grew up,”

Aine put a hand to her chest and sighed. “She really is my finest work yet and I am very, very proud of how she turned out.”

Clara was about to speak when Aine continued. "Truth be told, she completely drained me to reach that astonishing size. So my mana reserves are a bit low, I barely have enough to keep my disguise in place. Still, I want to talk to you about your growing desire and some food will help me recover."

The apparent faerie extended a hand. "What do you say? Is it a date?"

"I..." Things were happening way too fast. Yes, sure, she wanted to get to know this busty woman who seemed enamoured with her. However, this was not nearly on her terms enough for her to be completely okay with the situation. It was like she was being swept up in the current and while part of her wanted to go with the flow, there was also this unease about everything going on.

Jadine clapped her on the back and moved close. Her coworker's expansive bust swallowed her arm and shoulder. The smell of vanilla grew much more intense as the scent of cloves and other spices mixed in, creating an intoxicating mix. Clara gasped as she inhaled as much of that aroma as she could. "Go on and have fun with Lady Aine. The rest of night will be fine with just Zeni and I. I promise we can talk tonight about what happened in the bathroom."

"Okay, that sounds--wait, what happened in the bathroom between you two is hardly the issue here. Do you not find all of this weird?"

"Not at all," Jadine moved closer, her breath hot on Clara's neck as her embrace deepened. "I know me growing like this was startling, but it was my wish to be this...massive and Lady Aine made that happen merely in exchange for letting you go early."

"So you remember--"

"Growing? Goddess yes! I can't ever forget becoming this big, actually. The feeling of all that energy rushing into me. The sensation of being enveloped by my own flesh. The gentle stretching as I filled out more and more. All of that is coursing through me even now. On top of

that, Aine's touch lingers on my skin as does the taste of her lips on mine. My Lady will always be on my mind...though I suppose there are worse burdens."

Clara shifted against Jadine's extensive bosom. The smells of vanilla and spice hanging around her coworker were growing more and more familiar. For a moment, she could have sworn they were her roommate's scent. Then the memory wavered and the sickeningly sweet smell of bubble gum filled her mind as she recalled the smell of Tiffany's shampoo.

Inhaling deeply to chase away the memory, her nostrils filled with Jadine's scent and she had to admit she had never smelled anything so wonderful. How had today ended up this way? She was being enveloped in warm, soft, boobs. Jadine's boobs in fact. The moment was like she had always imagined, but even more intense. It was almost too much.

"Are they...are they heavy?" she asked, hoping that would encourage Jadine to let go for a moment.

"Oh more than I could have imagined, but it's weird," Jadine said as she stepped back to heft them as best she could, her hands nearly a foot from the hints of nipples. "I can feel them moving against me, they are pulling on the bra, and are heavy in my hands, but I don't feel strained by them. It's like they're floating in water or something..."

Anie cleared her throat and both women turned to look at her. "You think I would allow the rules of this world to affect my creation? So long as you continue to think of me, Jadine, the magic born of our connection will support you."

"Thank you, Lady Aine."

"And who knows? Maybe if our connection deepens there will be other perks...Now, Clara, let us be on our way." Aine offered her hand and after a moment, she took it. However the strange woman continued to stand there.

"Weren't we going somewhere?"

"Ah, yes. Since you live around here, I defer to your expertise."

“Okay...the exit is that way,” she said pointing at one of the nearby openings. Aine began to move then, her footsteps hurried. Clara wondered what a faerie even ate. “So any particular type of food you like?”

“I desire sustenance, whatever form that may take. So whichever eatery you want to take me to is fine,” she replied. “Although, somewhere that we could sit down would be best. I very much want to talk with you, but would rather not do it where everyone can hear.”

“About my desire to grow, right?” she asked as they headed down the series of sloping ramps out of the ballpark.

“Exactly that,” Aine said smiling over her shoulder as the curve of her boob rose into view. “I want to feel the feelings you’ve kept in your chest since your friends first started to grow up around you and left you behind. I want to tap into that desire. The very same desire that makes it impossible for you to look away from me or your friend.”

There was something about the way Aine spoke that was almost hypnotic, like she was trying to weave the desire for massive boobs into her psyche. Not that she needed to. Clara had always had a case of boob envy and being around Jadine had only inflated it.

She had never daydreamed about being bigger until they started working together. Then it was all she could think about while they were on shift together. Now, she was talking to a magical being who implied she was indirectly responsible for all breast growth after she had spent nearly five minutes being hugged by her...roommate?

Thinking fast, Clara’s mind flew back over move in and it was not Tiffany, the sorority sister to be, that shared a room with her, but Jadine. Suddenly the many nights spent with headphones on in the common room to drown out the sound of over enthusiastic fucking were replaced by cuddling study sessions that devolved into make outs.

“You’ve noticed, haven’t you? Life is beginning to warp around you and Jadine.”

Clara stopped walking. “Put it back the way it was. Now.”

“Now, now,” Aine said as she faced Clara with a grin that screamed mischief. “Having Jadine as a lover is something you wanted, was it not?”

Holy shit. Just what else was her subconscious broadcasting? Was Aine actually in her head? Was the Boob Faerie changing her?

“How are you doing this? I thought you were out of magic.”

“I am, but this is part of the spell Jadine cast on herself when she absorbed more magical energy than even ten mortals could ever handle. You didn’t wish for this,” she said as she gently poked Clara’s nose. “All of this is Jadine’s doing, though your own desires probably have something to do with how powerful the effect is.”

“Is my desire to be with Jadine really that strong?” Clara asked, playing along while trying to figure out just what she had gotten wrapped up in.

“More consistent than powerful. All those day dreams left impressions everywhere. They very likely were pulled in by the vortex caused from transferring most of my energy. I did some work to make it take shape, but as I said, most of the will was Jadine’s.”

“Why did you let this happen?”

“Like you said, you had a hard time trusting someone after your betrayal. I figured...”

“If she was my roommate that I would open up to her?”

“Among other things, yes. You see Clara, I have never, ever met someone who wanted to grow for as long as you have--and I have felt the desire to be larger and more endowed for more lifetimes than you can imagine.”

Their conversation was paused by their arrival at a one of Clara’s favorite places to eat. Like usual, the place smelled of craft beers and grilled meat. Several sports she only tangentially cared about were playing on the scattered TVs. Despite the home game, they were seated in booth after only a couple minutes wait.

“This makes me nostalgic for the time I hail from,” Aine said as she looked around. Her expression like someone visiting their home after being gone for many years. “It’s so delightful to know that as much as human life changes, it also stays the same.”

Clara leaned forward on bridged hands, happy to be talking about something else beside her lack of breasts for a bit. “What’s it like? Being ageless, I mean.”

“It’s much the same as being mortal,” Aine said, continuing to peer around. “It just never ends.”

“That’s not...” she rubbed her temples with her left hand. “I meant, what is it like to have seen so much of our history first hand?”

“Tiring, if I’m completely honest,” Aine said, finally looking at her. The faerie’s eyelids were half closed and her green eyes were glassy. Her expression read as unmistakably bored. “Each generation I watch, you all rush around even faster than the last only to accomplish the same trivial ends.”

Something about the dismissive nature of that statement stirred Clara’s already stoked rebellious nature. Suddenly she was ready to fight this woman regardless of how beautiful or charming she was. An eyebrow raised, her hands clenched against each other. “Trivial ends?”

“Yes, trivial, of no lasting consequence,” Aine waved her hand. “So many of you exist purely to acquire things, or other people in some cases, to make your time on this Earth feel good.”

“...but don’t you do the same?”

“How do you mean?”

“The way you were talking about Jadine earlier,” Clara banged on the table. “It was like she was some object to you. You’re talking that way still as you explain how she and I have been woven together, like we were some quilt you knitted.”

“I...” Aine stopped talking and looked troubled. Fortunately their server arrived and, for expediency, Clara ordered ice waters for both of them.

“Besides, isn’t that why you came here as well?” Clara said as the server walked away. She leaned on the table closing the space between her and the supposed faerie in a way she hoped was threatening. She tried hard not to lose herself in her flawlessly flawless face or to let her eyes travel down that kissable neck to the expanse of cleavage below. “You came because you felt my persistent wish to have a huge rack and somehow that drew you like a moth. If anything, you’re the one who can’t look away, Aine.”

“I suppose you are correct, mortal,” Aine seemed obviously flustered by the confrontation, as if she had expected things to go differently. She started to spin the knife on the table, pushing it with one finger. “I do collect those I deem worthy just like anyone else and reshape them in my image as well. Have I...have I really surpassed that woman who suddenly found herself a goddess all those years ago?”

“I’m sure you have, and we can come back to that, but what do you want to eat first?”

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Reeling from the sudden change in topic, Aine was uncharacteristically at a loss for words. She picked up the plastic covered menu and read over the establishment’s offerings. Many were some persuasion of sandwich with charred or grilled meat. Flipping the menu over, her eyes landed on the dessert section and she remembered that she had missed out on that ice cream.

“Oh my, a shake sounds heavenly.”

“It was my plan as well since I just ate.”

This was not how things were supposed to go. The whole afternoon had gone off the rails since she left her palace on the banks of the Fair Shores. Beyond losing herself in the moment with Jadine, things were not going well with Clara either. It had been so long since she had to work for affection.

After all, Clara was supposed to fall for her after seeing what she did to Jadine, what she could do for her. The deeply held desires were supposed to manifest in a bond that let her tug at the young woman's heartstrings. She was supposed to leverage that devotion to ensure she had enough mana to get home. Only, she was at a loss and that was a feeling she had forgotten. Then again, she had also never fallen for a mortal like this before either. The desire to taste Clara burned in her throat and left her mouth dry.

She continued to think on that even as she ordered a strawberry shake and a side of whatever fried mozzarella was. The inkling that her own emotional state was partially to blame crossed her mind. She had collected beautiful pets before, but the attraction was powerful and mutual. Aine could not even tell if Clara actually was even interested beyond getting her wish granted finally.

"So...my wish then."

"Ah, yes, your wish. I ended up using all of my mana on Jadine earlier, so I don't have anything to give you now."

"Used all your mana? Are you sure she didn't take it from you?"

"Mana is the--wait, what?"

"You had said Jadine was more enthusiastic than you expected and that you got carried away. I took that to mean she had been quite convincing, even forceful as you two made your trade."

Aine could actually feel her face getting warm as she recalled the pillowy softness of Jadine growing around her. Why was she blushing? By the stones, she was a queen not some maiden! What in Oberon's name were these humans doing to her? First Jadine had completely disarmed her with her powerful hunger to grow and now Clara was slipping out of her grasp.

These boob obsessed women should be counting their blessings that she had taken such a personal interest in both their lives and yet, she had to admit that playing with them was fun.

Seeing their wants playing out in their interactions with her felt like a very large game. Thinking that way, she wondered just how far Clara would want to go. Would she be the first to in generations to eat out a faerie? What would that even do to her? Aine shuddered with anticipation.

“Ahem. I guess that, yes, in the throes passion, I let her have more power than I intended to originally give.”

“And?”

“And what?”

“And how did it feel?”

“Oh. I suppose it felt...wonderful.” Saying that made her feel lighter. “I have..I have never encountered someone larger than me, much less made someone grow to that size. The feeling of her growing and growing and not stopping as I filled her body to bursting with mana was...intensely satisfying. Yes, I think that’s the best way to say that. I’m not sure how else to express it actually. In that moment with her, I didn’t feel like I had to hold back. I felt free to give her everything she could take. I just never expected her to keep drinking until I was dry.”

“That’s all I wanted to hear. Really. You’ve been so worried about appearances that you can’t admit that you’ve been enjoying yourself.”

“Of course. I always enjoy myself.”

“That’s not what I’m saying. I get the feeling the real you is the one who enjoys the feeling of flesh pressing into flesh and that all of this high and mighty bluster is just an act because you believe people expect it of you.”

Aine made a huffing noise. “Clara dear, high and mighty are two of the things people use to describe me--”

“But is that really you?” Clara said, interrupting her again.

Something about that sudden question jarred a long forgotten piece of herself loose. It had been crushed by all the responsibility, but she could pretty much see the free spiritedness she used to have so very, very long ago floating before her now. The faerie began to laugh as a genuine feeling of mirth blossomed in her chest. She could actually feel her magic recovering.

“What are you laughing at?” Clara sounded angry.

“Nothing, honest. I’m just really having a great time all of a sudden.”

The shakes came then and the two of them dug in after an enthusiastic toast.

Clara spoke first. “So why now? Why show up at this point to grant my wish?”

“Why not?” Aine raised her hands and shrugged, making her boobs bounce. “Should I not reward the faithful who never gave up hope on their dreams?”

“I guess....Just how long will it take before you can make me grow?”

“A couple days if you want to be as big as Jadine, otherwise I should have enough energy to get you to a respectable size in a short while.”

“Respectable is actually good for now. Let me finish. Being as big as Jadine is thrilling fantasy and I want it, but I want to grow into it. I want to cherish the feeling of swelling larger. Yes...more than anything I want to feel myself becoming bigger and more vast. I want to steadily outgrow all of my clothes over a couple months. How does that sound?”

“I think that’s something I can make happen...”

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After that, the date went well. They talked quite a bit about magic. Clara was surprised just how much of what was written in fantasy novels was close to accurate and how much of it was so off base. They did not discuss growing further, but it hovered at the edge of her mind.

As she drank her shake, she could not help but think about that milk going right to her chest. Making her swell up, like some kind of cartoon character. Yet, as her fantasy felt more and more real, she drank faster until she clutched her forehead from the brain freeze.

“Ow, I guess that’s what I get…”

“Did something happen?” Aine looked like she was having so much fun eating the mozzarella sticks. She let the melty cheese droop between her plump lips and the other half of the crispy breading until the gooey strands were touching her boobs before she sucked down the other half.

“Aren’t you royalty or something? Why are you playing with your food?”

“You told me to enjoy myself, so I will.”

“If you say so…”

A few minutes later both of them had finished eating. Clara left a twenty on the table as they got up. Not sure where else to go, she led Aine back to the dorms. Wait, how was going to get the faerie inside? She probably had no identification for this world and she certainly would stand out in a crowd of freshmen, but where else could they be undisturbed? Just have to chance it.

“Well,” Aine said as they reached the dorm. “I suppose that--”

“Why don’t you come up?”

As a silence settled between them it felt like they were both surprised by the statement.

“I thought when you said you wanted to take things slow--”

“--I really want to be a little bit bigger tonight.”

The pair laughed.

“Then mote it be,” Aine said, offering her hand once more.

Clara took it and then gasped as the faerie began to shrink. Smaller and smaller until Aine was only a foot tall and standing on her palm. Ruby red wings buzzed behind her and her tits were even bigger in comparison to the rest of her than before. Most of her mass was probably those impossible curves.

Aine took flight, flitting around until she vanished up Clara's shirt. As she brushed Clara's skin, a tingle spread. The shirt got tighter by the second as more and more of it was occupied by a suddenly swelling bust line. The level of sensation between growing and rubbing against her shirt was overwhelming. Panting, she dropped to one of the low walls around the garden.

"What the hell?" Clara whispered down her shirt after she got her breathing under control. By then she had grown even more.

Aine peeked her head out of cleavage that had not been there less than a minute ago. "I figured you smuggling me in was the easiest option."

"Sure, but it looks like I'm also smuggling grapefruits! What happened to..."

"Clara, the longer I am in contact with your skin in this form, the more you'll grow."

There was another tingle and a surge of growth which inched her size towards melons. She hurried inside after that. Waiting for the elevator was agonizing. Every few seconds brought another tingle and surge. The twinges were growing more pleasurable, the energy seeming to travel down her body to tease other parts of her. Finally though, they arrived at the double she apparently now shared with Jadine.

Everything was different from how it had been that morning. The twin beds had been pushed together to make a full that she suddenly remembered them sharing. Jadine's magically procured wardrobe was spread out over her side of the room. Of particular note was a lace bra whose cups looked big enough to eat breakfast out of.

There was a buzzing sound as Aine freed herself from her cleavage hideout. She grew larger in fits and starts and, after a moment, was four feet tall. Continuing to stand there with her eyes closed, she obviously thought something else was going to happen.

"Aine?"

"Tch. It seems like that brush with you has used up even the mana dedicated to my disguise. Well, that's fine. This is the real me, so I guess it is nice to actually meet you, yeah?"

The real Aine was dominated by her flowing silvery and her massive bosom, the bottom of which hovered around mid-thigh. Despite their massive size, she seemed unbothered by them. Clara reached out unconsciously to touch them, their skin soft and warm against her fingertips. Aine shuddered, but pulled away.

“Now, now, this is about you and your growth. We can have some time for us later, besides, won’t Jadine be home soon? You’ll want to show off for her, right?”

“Yeah!” Clara pulled her shirt over her head and let out a sigh as her new bust flopped to her chest. They were just average, but after being nearly flat for so long anything was an improvement. She scooped up the soft flesh, relishing the feeling of it squishing between her fingers and the weight in her hands. “They feel...way better than I expected.”

“I can make it even better!” Aine tapped a finger to her nose then waved at Clara. A tingle spread out from her lips until it felt like she had grown hundreds of new nerve endings all hooked into the pleasure center of her brain. Her breath moving over her lips made her knees quiver and her nips harden. She dropped to the impromptu full sized bed as the sensations grew even more powerful. Her hastened breath only served to further excite her.

“Aine...this is too...too much. I can’t--ah!--I can’t think because everything feels so good!” She dropped to her back on the the bed, her hands kneading her tits. Her feet were planted on the floor as her hips began to rock against the air.

The faerie laughed and snapped her fingers, dispelling the enchantment. “Sorry, that got away from me....”

“No, it’s okay,” Clara said between gasps. “You’re just trying to help me figure out all this new stuff.”

The sound of a key in the lock made them both turn and Jadine squeezed through a moment later. She took one look at the situation and made an adorable noise as she likely realized Clara had already begun to grow.

“Oh wow! You look amazing, hun.”

Clara felt her face get hot, then her neck and chest as the blush continued to spread. “Thanks...love.”

“Do you plan on going further?”

“Not right now, Aine and I are--”

“Also going out?” She turned to look at the faerie. “Is that true, my Lady. Are you also bedding my girlfriend?”

“Even if I said yes, we haven’t gotten that far. Maybe next time.”

“Next time? Oh, I like the sound of that, my Lady.”

Aine moaned as Jadine’s devotion poured into her. She flicked her wrist and a door way opened in the middle of the room. “Well, until next time...” and then she was gone.

Jadine pulled her shirt off by the collar and turned. “Can I get you to unclasp me, hon?”

Clara’s fingers were numb as she touched Jadine’s undergarments. Her apparent girlfriend cooed as the strap came loose and her bra slid off her shoulders. Then she turned and pulled Clara to her. Lips found fat nipples and both women moaned at the sensation. This had happened for months and yet it was also the first time they had been intimate like this.

It was more than she had ever dared to dream. Jadine tasted as much like vanilla as she smelled. The feeling of pleading fingers pulling her closer was intoxicating. It was not long before they were nestled in bed, kissing insistently as fingers teased. Just the idea that she was being intimate with a woman who loved her had Clara over the moon. Jadine’s fingers kept her there.

Every time one of them relaxed, the other would push once more, escalating their connection with each kiss, caress, and moan. All the while both of them were thinking of Aine and dreaming of what would happen the next time the Queen of Boobs came to visit....